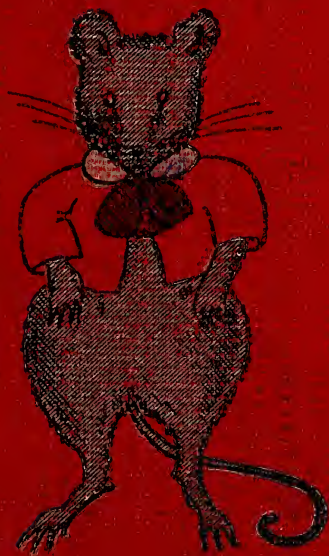
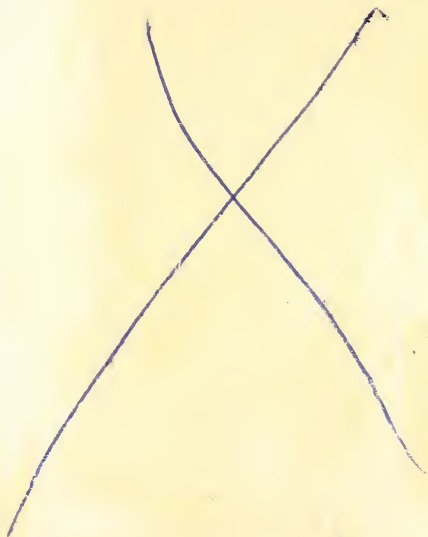


*The Story of
A Little Gray Mouse*



by DOROTHY SHERRILL

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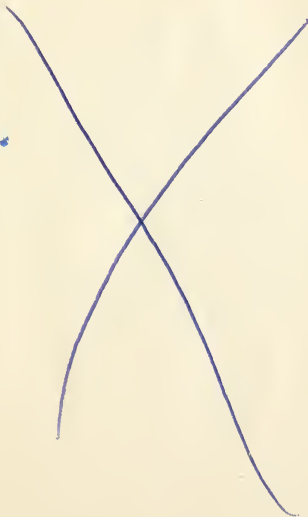


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The attic
of this house
belongs to
The Little Gray Mouse.
But this book
belongs to me.



The Story of A Little Gray Mouse

by

Dorothy Sherrill



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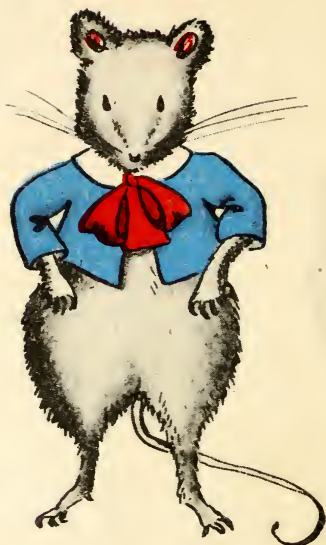
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Once upon a time
there was a little gray
mouse.

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Here he is .

He lived with his
mother and father and
nine brothers and sisters
in a funny little house
in an attic. The house
was really an old
hatbox with a hat on
top of it and a
chimney sticking out
of the hat.



Here is the mouse's home.

See the funny hat with
the chimney in it.

One day the mother mouse
said to the little mice,
"Children, now that you are
all growing up and aren't
tiny baby mice any
longer, this hat-box is
getting very crowded.
The time has come for
you to go out into the
world and find homes
of your own."

Here is the mother mouse



talking to the children mice.

And the father mouse,
who had been reading his
newspaper while the mother
mouse was talking, put
it down now and said to
them, "Your mother is
right. You are almost
grown-up and must go
find homes of your own.
Goodbye, be good little
mice." And he patted
them on their little

gray heads.


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Here is the father mouse



with his newspaper.

WAB

So  children packed their toys and a clean necktie and a piece of cheese in a handkerchief, and they said goodbye in their squeaky little voices. They promised to be good mice; and off they scampered to find homes of their own.

Here they are scampering



to find homes of their own.

Now the little mouse
that we are telling this
story about ran outdoors
with the others. But
when he got outside
he just couldn't decide
where he wanted to
live. He walked slowly
down the road carrying
his handkerchief bundle
over his shoulder.

Here he is



walking slowly down the
road.

Bye and bye he came
to a pond that had lots
of beautiful water-lilies
in it. He sat down beside
the pond to rest. And
a big grandfather frog,
who was perched on a
log, said to him,

"Gur-runk, gur-runk!"

Which is the way a frog
says, "Where are you
going, little mouse?"

The grandfather frog



says, "Gur-runk, gur-runk!"

When the little mouse
told him that he was
looking for a place
to live, the old frog
was very polite.

"Come here and live
with me on this nice
big brown log," he
said .

Here is the old frog



inviting the little mouse
to live with him.

"Thank you, I will,"
said the little mouse.
And he jumped quickly
from the shore to the
log. But when he got
on the log he didn't
like it at all. It
wobbled every time he
moved, and it was
very wet.

See the mouse



on the wet log.

He doesn't like it.

So the little mouse said
politely to the old frog,
"Thank you, but I don't
really think logs are
very good places for
mice to live, although
they may be lovely for
frogs." And he jumped
quickly back on to
dry land and scampered
down the road.

See him scamper



down the road.

The little mouse ran
and ran until he came
under a big tree and
heard a bird say,
"Chirp, chirp, chirpee!"
Which is the way a
bird says, "Where are
you going, little mouse?"

Here is the bird



saying, "Chirp, chirp,
chirpee!"

When the little mouse
told the bird that he was
looking for a place to
live, the bird said
politely, "Won't you come
and live with me in
my tree?"

Here is the bird



inviting the mouse
to live with him.

"Thank you, I'd like
to," said the little
mouse. And he
climbed up the tree.



Here is the mouse
in the tree.

But when the little
mouse got into the tree,
and night came and
the wind blew and the
tree rocked, he didn't
like it at all. He
wished he were back
in his quiet home in
the attic.



See, now it is night
and the wind is rocking
the tree.

"Thank you," the little mouse whispered very softly so as not to wake up the bird who was sleeping soundly.

"Nests in trees may be very nice for birds," he said, "but they're not very nice for me!"

So he climbed down the tree and ran away.



Here he is climbing
down the tree.

He slept under a big stone that night. And in the morning, after eating some cheese for breakfast, he began to walk along the road again. Pretty soon he came to a sign that read, "This Way to the City."

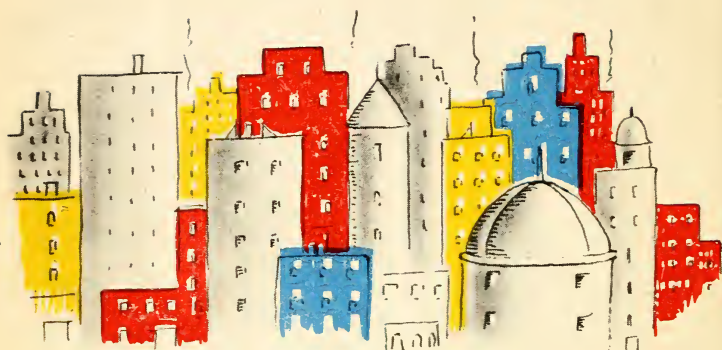
Here is the little mouse



reading the sign.

Goody!" he said out loud in his squeaky little voice. "I'll go to the city. Maybe I will find a place to live there." So he walked very fast until he came to the big buildings of the city.

Here he is



staring up at the
big buildings.

They looked awfully big
to him. "Gracious me!"
he squeaked. "Wouldn't
it be terrible if they
toppled over on me!"

And he began to
feel very little and
lonely.

Here he is



feeling little and lonely.

Just then, he saw a
cellar doorway. It was
open and the cellar
looked nice and warm
and safe inside. "I
think I'll go in there
and ~~build~~ a nest,"
said ~~The~~ little mouse.
So he ~~went~~ in and
closed ~~the~~ door behind
~~him~~ .

Here he is



going into the cellar.

It was very nice in
the cellar and the little
mouse was pleased with
it. He hunted around
for some old rags and
wood shavings and began
to build a nest in a
warm dark corner.



Here he is
building his nest .

He was so very busy
building his nest that
he didn't see a pussy
cat that came crawling
toward him out of
the coal bin.

Here is the pussy cat



coming out of the coal bin.

The little mouse went
right on building, and
Kitty came nearer and
nearer. Until what do you
think happened? Pussy
stepped on a piece of
coal that rolled over
and made a noise!

And the mouse heard it!
He looked around and
saw the cat's big green
eyes glaring at him!



Here are the cat's
BIG GREEN EYES !

The mouse jumped straight
up in the air! Kitty
jumped too, but missed
him. "Mercy!" squeaked
the little mouse, "I won't
stay here!"

"Yes you will!" Pussy cried.

"No I won't!" squeaked the
mouse, running to the
door and slipping safely
out through a hole
under it.

The little mouse



slips safely out through
a hole under the door .

Of course, the Killy
was too big to go
through the hole.

So the little mouse
got away and ran as
fast as ever he could
down the street.



Here he is running
fast.

He ran right out of the
city, past the big tree
where the bird lived,
past the pond where
the frog was. He ran
and ran until he came
to the house that had
the attic where his
mother and father
lived .



Here he is in front of
the house.

He was so happy to see
it again that he said,
"Why did I try to go so
far away from home to
find a place to live?
I can build myself a
fine nest in a corner
of that big attic
right near my mother
and father!"



Here he is



climbing up to the attic.

And what do you think
he saw when he got
there? His nine
brothers and sisters —
who hadn't been able
to find any other
place they liked for
a home either — all
building nests in
different parts of the
attic!

A whimsical illustration of several anthropomorphic mice in various costumes (polka dots, blue dress, green vest, yellow shirt, striped shirt, blue vest) gathered around a small wooden house and a yellow structure, possibly a boat or a large pot, on a light background.

all building nests.

Those little mice were
so glad to be together
again that they all took
hands and danced round
and round in a circle
with their father and
mother in the middle.
And after their dance
they had a fine picnic
on bread and cheese.
And they never left
their home again.

Here they are



dancing for joy because
they are all together again.





The Story of A Little Gray Mouse

by DONALD L. TERRILL

Once upon a time a little gray mouse lived in an old hat box with his father, mother and nine brothers and sisters. It was so terribly crowded that mother mouse sent her children out to find homes of their own. So the little gray mouse looked all over for a home. First he lived with an old frog on a log. But the log rolled too much. Then with a little bird in a tree. But the tree swayed too much. Then in the cellar of a big



city house. But a big black cat
chased him away. Finally he ran
right into a beautiful house in the
country in whose attic, of all
things, he found his mother and
father and all nine brothers and
sisters, each one busily building
his own little nest. So everyone
was happy at being together
again. Delightfully illustrated in
full color with all the charm and
simplicity with which Dorothy
Sherrill has so endeared herself
to young children everywhere.

